

Phillippa Venables 1748

AN EARNEST

A P P E A L

TO

Passionate People:

WHEREIN

The RISE, PROGRESS, and CONSEQUENCES
of that unhappy Disposition of Mind are
fully displayed; and the Possibility of
conquering that Temper, illustrated from
several Characters in real Life.

To which is added,

An E S S A Y

ON

ENVY, MALICE, and DETRACTION.

*There is nothing renders a Person so unhappy to him-
self, and all about him, as Passion. It spoils the
Features, sours the Blood, and makes him hated
and despised by all who know him.* ANON.

SECOND EDITION.

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AN EARNEST
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 TO
Passionate People.



HERE are few People, who are not acquainted with the Character of a passionate Man; every Man's Experience may point out to him, among the Number of his Acquaintance, some one or other who labours under this Disease of the Mind. By the passionate Man, we do not here mean the ill-natured, malicious, or vindictive, the surly, morose or sullen; but that testy, peevish Creature, commonly called hasty and passionate; one who is on fire upon every trifling Occasion,

The Character briefly described.

B raves

raves, rants, and tears for a Moment, and the next Minute subsides to a perfect calm: He is pleased and displeased at the turning of a Straw; is angry with himself and all about him, without being able to give any rational Account of the Rise of his Passion; affronts his best Friends without designing it, and spends his whole Life in one continued Circle of offending and asking Pardon.

They have
a Mixture of
Good-Na-
ture in their
Disposition.

This Character has constantly, as an Ingredient in it, a large Share of Good-Nature and Humanity; which distinguishes him from every other Slave to that turbulent Passion, Anger. As often as the passionate Man is out of this epileptical Fit of the Soul, you find him compassionate in his Temper, forgiving in his Disposition, charitable in his Censures, forgetful of Injuries, and easily appeased, if you have the Prudence to give Way to the first Gust of his Passion, and forbear to irritate him by Opposition, till the Storm has had Time to spend itself in some passionate Expressions. — In a word, he is possessed of every good-natured Qualification, but the Command of his own Temper, to which he is a mere Slave.

That, the
only Title
they have to
Toleration
in Society,

This amiable Part of their Character, is the only Thing that makes them tolerable

nable in Society ; for without these lucid Intervals of Good-Nature, which convince us, that they are at other times out of their Senses, no Man would submit to, or bear with, the intolerable Humours of any of them ; and as it is a distinguishing Characteristic of theirs, to carry every Thing to Extreame, they frequently err as much in Good-Nature as in Violence of Temper ; but as this Extream hurts only themselves or Families, the rest of the Society are not so much concerned at it, and allow this boundless obliging Disposition to atone, in some measure, for their hasty Outrages ; or at least it prevails on their Acquaintance to have so much Charity for them as not to knock them on the Head as public Nufances, or to confine them to a Madhouse.

This Malady of the Mind proceeds not only from a Predominancy of Choler in the Constitution, but owes its Birth to Pride, Self-conceit, and Want of Thought ; with several other unsocial Affections, deeply rooted in the Soul.

That Pride enters chiefly into the Composition of this common, but unnatural Disease, is evident from the smallest Reflection : Let the passionate

Pride and
Self-conceit
the chief
Source of
this Dispo-
sition.

Man deliver his Opinion on the most trifling Subject, if he meets with the least Contradiction, you find him instantly in a Blaze; he fancies to himself that his Dictates ought to be received as Oracles, and that no Man is worthy of holding an Argument with him; you affront his Judgment when you suppose, by the most distant Hint, that he is capable of erring; and though he is obliged, every Moment he lives, to the Courtesy of those he converses with, for Forgiveness of natural Frailties and Inadvertency, yet no Man must approach him who is not possessed of Impeccability, or subject himself to the grossest Outrage from the first Emotion of his Madness. Can any thing betray greater Pride and Self-conceit than this Conduct? Yet, as often as we give way to the fiery Passion, we discover that our Souls are tainted with these Fiend-like Affections.

Prudimia is a Woman of good natural Sense, and a large Share of acquired Talents, speaks justly on most Subjects, and behaves in every respect as a Woman of Prudence, except in the Government of her Temper, which naturally is violent, but by nothing so easily raised to a Storm, as by the smallest

est Degree of Contradiction to her Sentiments. If her Husband, who is a Man of solid Judgment, Politeness, and Good-Nature, but takes upon him to set her right in any thing he fancies her in an Error about, the House immediately becomes too hot for him, and a Peel is rung in his Ears loud enough to be heard a Mile off. If the best Friend she has, the most intimate Acquaintance of her's but offers to differ from her, though in the most modest Terms, about the Fashion of a Commode, or the Colour of a Topknot, she treats them with the most opprobrious Language Passion could invent, for presuming to call in Question the Infalibility of her Judgment in these important Matters. Those who know her Temper, are acquainted with her other valuable Talents, or are dependant on her, pity her Folly, and bear with her temporary Caprice; but such as are not, despise her heartily, and deny her many Qualifications which this passionate Pride obscures and hides from the Observation of every Body but such as are her Intimates.

Want of Thought is the least odious ^{Want of} Spring of this Distemper; and the con- ^{Thought}stant Excuse these Madmen offer in ^{another} Spring;

ment of their Folly, they have so quick a Sense of Things, that they never give themselves Time to consult their Understanding, but fly away with the first Hint, without ranging their Ideas like rational Beings, or weighing Circumstances before they pretend to give Judgment: Thus they are eternally in an Error, which they embrace with Obstinacy, and defend with frantick Fury: Want of Thought makes them embrace any Absurdity, and the same unthinking Disposition renders them incapable of ever being in the right; at least if they are, it is by meer Chance, and from no rational Induction, of which they are for the most part utterly incapable: Nay, it is their Misfortune, that the more you endeavour to convince them of a Mistake, the more tenacious they grow of their Opinion; their want of Thought will not allow them to listen to calm Reason, and their Pride hinders them from giving Way to any Degree of Conviction: According to them, to acknowledge being in an Error, would be giving up the Superiority of their Judgment, and owning a Weakness inconsistent with their universal Claim to Infallibility.

This

This is their Case when they are in their Fits; but if you catch them in one of their lucid Intervals, they honestly acknowledge their Folly, and ascribe their former Behaviour to want of Reflection. This is the genteel Turn they give their Caprice; I am a thoughtless passionate Creature, and my Passion does not allow me to reflect upon what I say on these Occasions; I hope you will excuse my Rudeness to you; I hope I said nothing unmannerly; If I have, I am heartily sorry for it, I most humbly beg your Pardon. This is their common Apology, which if you put into plain *English*, amounts to this; I am, Sir, at some particular Times, seized with Fits of Madness; during the Paroxysm I am utterly incapable of any Reflection upon what I do or say; if I spit in your Face, give you the Lye, or knock you on the Head, on such Occasions, I pray pardon me, as you would any of my Brethren in *Moorfields*; I am, now that I am out of my Fit, sorry that it is my Misfortune to be subject to such an unhappy Disorder. This is the real Sense of the common Apology these passionate People make as often as they offend, and have returned to their Senses; and yet they

would be ashamed to express themselves in that Language; they give their Words a different Turn, and like other Madmen cannot be convinced themselves, nor would willingly allow others to think they are at any Time Candidates for a Cell in Bedlam.

This Passion
in some Hereditary.

To trace this Weakness to its Original, we must go back as far as our Birth; we find it sometimes imbibed with the first Principles of Life, and interwoven with the *Stamina Vitæ*. The Parent has unhappily possessed himself of it by the Force of Habit and Education, and communicates the baneful Taint to his unhappy Offspring: Thus whole Families, whole Tribes, and sometimes whole Nations, are distinguished from the rest of Mankind by this contagious Disease; and they and their latest Posterity live in a continued Passion, are uneasy to themselves, a Plague to their Neighbours, and the Pest of Civil Society; the Madness runs in the Blood, the Son enjoys the Father's Folly by Inheritance, and his Title to a Madhouse, by a Prescription of many Generations.

Yet these
are not incurable.

These hereditary Lunatics are indeed to be pitied, and deserve our Compassion more than any else of the Species,

ries, but they are far from being incurable. The Distemper can never be so deep-rooted as not to be capable of being erased from the Soul: Passions of all Kinds are Exotics in the human Mind ; it is not their natural Soil; they are bred there by Accident like Weeds, and grow to Maturity for want of Care and Culture: It is in the Body the Seeds of these Evils are lodged, which by their Influence contaminate the Soul, dull its natural Faculties, and deprive Reason of its Influence and Efficacy.

The Human Mind, the pure Emanation of the Divinity, can never be inherently possessed of those Affections, which are the Origin of moral Evil; the Author of our Being, when he breathes into us the Breath of Life, and speaks us into Existence, leaves our Minds a pure *Tabula rasa* capable of any Impression, and free from all innate Prepossessions in favour of Vice or vicious Habits, but more susceptible from its own Nature of virtuous and social Affections. The Soul is created in a State of moral Rectitude, but receives its vicious Tinctures from the Body, and is warped into its present perverse and crooked Disposition by

This true Exercise of Reason gets the better of this and every other Passion.

the Influence of the Senses. Consequently, whenever a Man attempts to subdue his Passions, and to put them under the regular Government of their natural Sovereign Reason, the irrational Part must submit to the rational, the Brute must yield to the Man, and the Soul in the Event gain the Superiority over every Passion or Appetite, however deeply rooted in the Mind.

We receive
it from the
Nurse,

This fiery Foible is not only born with many of us, and held by hereditary Tenure, but we suck it in with our Nurse's Milk; we are nourished with the deadly Poison, and receive the first Principles of Contagion from the fiery Disposition of their Temper. That we receive the Seeds of many natural Distempers from the mercenary Nipple, fatal Experience teaches the proud and unnatural Mother, who to gratify her Pride, Lust, or Laziness, robs her Infant Son of the natural Breast, and suckles him by the first Female that offers, without consulting the Health, Constitution, or natural Disposition of the Hierling; though all these are to be the component Parts of the Hopes of her Family, and the Heir of her Estate.

All

All Mankind are agreed, that whatever Diseases the Nurse labours under, the Child she suckles is tainted by them: And about these they are in some measure solicitous, though not so much as the Consequence of Things require: But with regard to her Temper and Disposition of Mind, they give themselves no manner of Trouble, and can by no means be perswaded, that a passionate, fullen, or malicious Disposition is to be communicated in the same Manner as the Evil, or other Chronic Distempers are. When a Son discovers the Temper of the Father or Mother, we are apt enough to acknowledge the Origin of the Disposition, and excuse it by being constitutional; but we are seldom at the Trouble of tracing those Evils to the Nurse, or believing that the latent Seeds are sucked in with the Milk: But however unwilling we are to believe it, as it tends to discourage the pernicious Custom of employing hired Nurses, yet there is no Truth so evident, than that half the Evils of Life take their Rise from this Fountain: As the Juices of the Nurse make up the Principles of the Blood of the Child she suckles, it is apparent the Temper of the Infant must receive a Tincture

from their Influence, unless we are so weak, as to believe that the Crasis of the Blood, or the Predominancy of peculiar Humours, has no Influence upon our Disposition ; if so, how much has that Parent to answer for, who not content with supplying the Child with her own vicious Passions and Affections, and entailing upon him her own predominant Humour, loads him with additional Curse, the Repetition of all those Evils in a Nurse, with the Weight of many others, which perhaps were Strangers to her Blood, or that of her Husband? If Passion, Spleen, or any other sanguinary Passion, is communicated from their Prevalency in the Parent, they must receive double Strength, if they meet with the same Material in the Dispositions of the Nurse : The Child, as possessed of both their Portions, must find these Passions grow apace, and must sink under the Weight ; and if he is so unlucky as to meet with a Nurse, who, to Passion and Spleen, adds Malice, Lust and Revenge, or any other more turbulent Passion, how difficult must it be to get the better of those Mischiefs, and how hard the Task of Reason to combat them?

I have more Cause than most Men to dread the Effects of this Disposition ; therefore have been solicitous, ever since I was capable of distinguishing its Consequences, to trace it to its original Spring ; and from my own Experience, I have known more People receive its first Tincture from the Disposition of the Nurse, than from all other Causes put together ; and within these few Years, one Family has supplied me with two or three Instances to confirm me in my Conjectures.

Both the Parents are of a natural easy Disposition of Mind ; nothing fullen, morose, peevish, or passionate discovers itself in either of their Tempers ; they live in perfect Harmony with each other, and deservedly enjoy the Friendship and Esteem of all their Acquaintance. This happy Couple had been married for some Years, without having any Children, but about eight Years ago the Lady conceived, and was delivered of two Boys, as like one another in Feature as it is possible to imagine, insomuch, that though I am as much in their Family as my own, I cannot at this Day distinguish between the Boys by either Voice or Face, without the Help of a Distinction in Cloaths, which

which the Parents are obliged to make them wear for more Reasons than one.

The Lady, though of a Fortune above the middle Rank of Life, was so much overjoyed at being a Mother, that she was not ashamed, nor thought it beneath her Birth or Quality, to become a Nurse, and give suck to the eldest Twin: Her Fondness for her Issue had no Bounds, she was willing to suckle them both, and has often since with Tears in her Eyes lamented that she did not; but her Husband, who is doatingly fond of her, and was with difficulty perswaded to yield that she should nurse either of them, would not consent that she should endanger her Health, or that of the Children, by undertaking a Task for which her Constitution was too delicate; and the Lady was constrained to hire a Nurse for the youngest: A *Welshwoman* was pitched upon by the Advice of some of the best Physicians in Town. She was a young Woman just turned of Twenty-two, of a healthy, clean, robust Constitution, had Plenty of Milk, and of that Quality which the Physicians fancy the best; but her Temper, which she artfully concealed for some Months, the most violent and passionate
that

That ever *Welchwoman* was possessed of:
 I had seen the Nurse before she was
 hired, and I own her Country, which
 I think produces the most of this Sort
 of People of any on the Face of the
 Earth, and something in her Physiog-
 nomy created in me some Doubts about
 her Temper, which I was so candid as
 to communicate to my Friends; how-
 ever, they had received a very good
 Character of the Woman from the
 Neighbourhood where she had lived,
 and rallied me upon my Notion of the
 Temper of the Nurse being communi-
 cable to the Child; and as my No-
 tions this Way were publickly known
 in the Family, the Lady undertook to
 convince me, from the Experience of
 her two Sons, that I was possessed of a
 meer Chimera; and in my own Mind
 I resolved to allow my Opinion to
 stand or fall by the Success of this Tri-
 al; for I could never wish for a fairer
 Opportunity. I was convinced, from
 my own Knowledge of the Parents,
 that the Seeds of Passion or Peevishness
 could not naturally take their Rise from
 them; and I had an Opportunity from
 my Connection with the Family, to ob-
 serve (if any Thing of this discovered
 itself) how far it might owe its Birth
 to

to Education: And I had, besides, Reason to expect, that a Simularity of Temper would prevail in the Children, since in most Twins I ever have heard of, a Sameness of Affection and Disposition has been remarked.

But a very few Monthspassed, before we discovered the Turbulence of the Nurse's Disposition. All the Pains imaginable were taken to humour her, and prevent her Caprice from boiling over, but nothing would do; it was impossible to keep her in any Equanimity of Temper; every Trifle discomposed her Looks, and the smallest Opposition to her Will, or Neglect of her Orders, raised a Storm in the Nursery louder than many Boatswains in a Hurricane: The Lady was uneasy, but her Fears, were directed to quite different Objects from mine; she was only solicitous about her Son's Health, and dreaded the nutritive Quality of the Milk; but I was in Pain to imagine that the Son of my Friend was drinking the Seeds of his future Miseries, and with his Strength was acquiring Humours that would one Day render him both unhappy and ridiculous: As to my Fears, they were esteemed visionary, but the Lady's were real and of Moment; however,

ever, she was in a little Time perfectly easy, since she found the Child thrived, and that no bad Symptons discovered themselves either in the Nurse or Child, after these Tempests of Passion and Outrage; and gave Orders to the Servants to study Nurse's Temper as much as it was in their Power to do; by this Means she grew a mere Devil, and the Plague of the whole Family that were within the Verge of her Tongue.

Both the Children continued in a thriving State, and in about nine Months they were weaned, about which Time it was easy to discover an uncommon Sympathy betwixt them; one had scarce the least Dream or Illness, but in a few Minutes discovered itself in the other: They both took the Small-Pox in one Day, cut their Teeth in the same Manner and at the same Time, and went through the several Diseases incident to Children, as if they breathed by Organs common to them both: While they were at the Breast, I had seldom an Opportunity of observing the youngest, but when they both went to a Dry-Nurse, I could discover that the Sympathy, which plainly discovered itself in their Constitution, did not at all subsist in their Disposition. The eldest was
quiet

quiet and easier pacified than most Children are, but the youngest was peevish, fretful, and easily put out of Humour : For the first two Years the Difference was not so much adverted to by any body else ; but when it became too apparent to slip the Observation of a discreet Parent, she confessed to me then, that *James* (for so was the youngest called) was more the Son of his Nurse, than he was her's. She could see Passion, Obstinacy, Self-will, and Impatience of Contradiction, stifling every other Disposition. The Manner, the very Look of the Nurse, could be traced in the Infant, and I am afraid will display themselves in legible Characters when he comes of Age: Both the Children have had the same Care taken in their Education, have been under the same Masters, have almost the same Genius for Knowledge, continue the Sympathy in their Constitutions, a Likeness in Features, but differ widely in their Dispositions. The eldest, *Jack*, is a Boy of a sprightly Genius, quick Wit, and ready Apprehension, but remarkably mild in his Deportment, and more than ordinarily compassionate : The other, comes in no measure short of him in Capacity, but

but has a Fierceness in his Way, which renders even every indifferent Action of his, disagreeable ; he is impatient of the least Degree of Contradiction, and his Tutor must allow him to take his own Way, for nothing is to be done with him by Opposition ; and he has something of Cruelty in his Temper, which may be discerned by the Torture to which he puts all the Birds, Cats, and Dogs he meets with : To see these Animals in the Agonies and Convulsions of Death, gives *James* Pleasure, while the elder Brother turns his Head from the shocking Scene, and weeps in Compassion to the suffering Brute : In a word, *James* is the Picture of the *Welch* Nurse, and as much a Taffy, as if he had been born in the midst of *Wales* ; while *Jack*, who was suckled by his Mother, is the Picture of her Disposition, and discovers the Rudiments of every amiable Qualification which adorns that Lady's Character.

This remarkable Instance, has, I confess, confirmed me in the Opinion, that nothing can be more unnatural or unjust than the Practice of venal Nurses ; and that this Evil we are now treating of, with all the black List of Passions that
dis-

disgrace Humanity, have often their
Rise from this Source.

*Who can enough those Parents blame,
Who, careless of a Mother's sacred Name,
To Hireling Nurses their poor Infants
trust,*

*To such as neither can nor will be just?
For ill the Business by that Nurse is done,
Who for another's Child neglects her own.
Oft at a venal Pap they suck their Bane,
And in their Blood the latent Plague
retain :*

*But of those Evils, not to speak, that flow
From the first Draughts, and with the
Body grow :*

*The Mind's affected by corrupted Juice;
If bad the Milk, the Manners may be
loose:*

*Who knows not that a Whore's malignant
Pap,
Corrupts the Infant in her wanton Lap,
With Lust and impious Fires it fills his
Breast,*

And seldom is the Child, so suckled, chaste.

Such as receive the Seeds of this unhappy Disposition of Mind from the Constitution of their Parents, or the vicious Disposition of their Nurses, are thus far unculpable themselves; they may

may mourn the Misfortune, if they do not get the better of it, but cannot justly be upbraided with it unless they neglect to use their Endeavours entirely to erase it, or at least to conquer the Malignancy of its Effects : For though they have this Plea, yet they are not less tolerable in Society, or less troublesome to themselves and their Acquaintance ; they are free from any Remorse of thinking, that their Misfortunes are owing originally to their own Conduct, and ought to make this Use of it in the Intervals of their Reflections, to avoid as much as is in their Power being the Cause of infecting their Posterity with that which they must find so odious in themselves.

Parents are therefore answerable for those Vices which they communicate to their Children from their own Constitution, as well as for the Consequences of such as the Child imbibes from the Nurse of their chusing, the Nature of their Education, or the Example they give them : For by all these Means this Distemper is propagated.

We have already treated of the hereditary passionate Man, and the suckled Madman ; we now come to enquire into the Case of such as are so by Education,

Education, and have acquired it in the Nursery, or in their Infant Years.

It is acquired by Education,

If we seriously consider the Matter, we shall find there are more Vices owe their Rise and Progress in our Tempers to the Force of Habit, Example, or Education, than to any radical Principles in our Constitution; though the Seeds of these last are confessedly many, yet they are not by far so numerous, as those imbibed by early Habits; and those Vices, which are really constitutional, receive their Strength from our want of timely correcting them, and meet with additional Fuel from those others which take their Source from a vicious or unguarded Education.

Our habitual Vices, though not so deeply rooted as those of our Constitution, yet affect us but few Degrees with less Violence: It is a common Saying, Custom becomes a second Nature, and holds true in vicious and virtuous Affections; but whether it is owing to that Depravity of human Nature which Divines understand by Original Sin, or to any other Cause, we cannot account for; we find that vicious Inclinations are much easier acquired, much more difficult to be subjected to the Government of Reason, more permanent and more violent

violent in their Effects, than any thing that has the Tincture of Virtue.

Thus the least Negligence of the Parent in the Education of a Child, who has the smallest Degree of Choler in his Disposition, is apt to beget and nurse this fiery Foible; and many Children, who are rather phlegmatic than otherwise, are spoiled by the too capricious Indulgence of a too fond Mother, and a Turn given to his Mind so early, when he is most susceptible of these Impressions, which renders him unhappy the Remainder of his Life.

Florinda was the only Child of an honourable Family; and as such was doated upon to a Degree of Distraction; her Disposition, naturally, was far from being choleric; in her Infancy she seemed rather phlegmatic, discovered few or no Symptoms of Passion or Ill-Nature, was a quiet Child, no way fractious or peevish, and in all probability might have tasted some of that Happiness which her large Fortune entitles her to, had her natural Inclinations been duly cultivated; but an unhappy Accident gave her Infant Temper a quite different Turn, which has since sowered all the Enjoyments of Life. When she was but just turned of four Years of
Age,

The Instance of
Florinda,

Age, both her Parents died, and left her and her large Estate, to the Care of her Grandmother : In a few Months after, she was taken with the Measles, and remained for some time in a sickly State of Health, after the Symptoms of that Distemper had ceased. During this Indisposition, (as it is natural for Children in these Circumstances) she grew peevish and fretful ; the Grandmother, out of Fondness, endeavoured to humour her as much as possible ; Miss finding herself so much indulged, and that the shortest Way to obtain her little Wishes, was to cry and whimper at every the least Contradiction, improved her Opportunity so well, that nothing, however capricious, was denied her : When she had recovered a confirmed State of Health, her Grandmother attempted to retrench some of those Indulgencies which her Indisposition had obliged her to grant ; but Miss had got so strong a Habit of flying into Passions upon every trifling Occasion, that the old Lady, who had too much Fondness for her to use Chastisement, was obliged to yield to her Inclinations as formerly, for fear, as she alledged, the Child should throw herself into a Fit of Sickness by Opposition to her Temper. Thus Miss continued

continued her peevish Humours without Controul, so long, that they became a Part of her natural Temper, and increased as she advanced in Years: When she was of Years to be put to a Boarding School, strict Injunctions were laid upon the Mistress not to treat her with Severity; which was, in other Words, to give her her Way in every Thing. This was punctually obeyed, and Miss become the Plague of the whole School; no Temper could please her for any Space of Time, she grew proud, haughty, and imperious, and upon the smallest Opposition would fly into the most indecent Outrages, both against the Scholars and her Tutors; but all these must be borne with, for fear of disobliging her Grandmother, who was too much blinded by her Affections to foresee the pernicious Consequence of this turbulent and ungovernable Spirit: She had her Intervals of Good-Nature, like all other passionate People, and would at those Times express a Concern for her Indecencies; but the next Minute would relapse into her former Humours.

The more she advanced in Years, the further she was removed from any Measures to reclaim her: She was past

the Season of Chastisement, and Reason had too little Effect upon her unthinking Mind, to be capable of working a Change in a Habit so deeply rooted; so that she left the Boarding-School, with more Knowledge of some Female Accomplishments, but a much less agreeable Temper of Mind than she entered it. Her Grandmother's Death left her Mistress of herself and Fortune, when she was turned of Eighteen; she chose her Uncle by the Father's Side her Guardian, and went to live at his House. He was old, and his Temper soured by the Gout, with which he was continually laid up: He had a kind of Antipathy almost to all Women, and an utter Aversion to all those Gaieties in which young Women of Fashion indulge themselves: This was sufficient to set him and his Ward at Variance, and furnished them with continual Matter of Dispute. Miss had been hitherto an utter Stranger to all Manner of Contradiction, and found herself all of a sudden subjected to a constant Opposition to all her Actions: As they were both passionate, and neither of them possessed, either with Sense or Good-Nature enough to make Allowances for one another's Tempers, the
House

House was one continued Scene of Jars and Squabbles : Fury and Outrage possessed each of them, not by Turns, but in Concert ; they differed, but it was always in the same Note and Tone of Voice, each endeavoured to out-scold one another, and neither thought of yielding, till they had exhausted their Spirits in mutual Railings ; but as old People are obstinate as well as peevish, Miss found herself obliged to submit to her Guardian's Directions, though in Revenge she indulged herself in the most indecent Language, which the old Gentleman returned as loud as his Lungs would permit : They lived so long in this Manner, that they contracted an unfeigned and mutual Hatred, and lived together, rather out of Opposition and Spite, than from any Remains of Duty or Affection.

Miss's Fortune which was large, and her Person which was not disagreeable, brought her several Suitors, but the Uncle and she could never agree in their Choice ; each had previously determined to oppose the other in the grand Concern ; Miss had in her own Mind fixed upon a Man of some Quality, and an equal Fortune, but her Guardian would not hear of it, though

he had no very material Objection, either to the Gentleman's Fortune or Character. They were one Day in high Dispute upon this Subject, when Miss had wrought herself up to such a Height of Passion, that she made a solemn Vow she would marry the first Person that asked her the Question, in Order to spite her Uncle: She had scarce left his Chamber, when a Gentleman was introduced to her, on the Subject of Marriage, by one of those Women, who make a Trade of ruining the Unwary: He had a genteel Person and Carriage, and was of a Nation remarkable for Assurance and Success with the Ladies; he addressed her in the lucky Minute, and she without consulting any thing but her Passion, and impressed at that Time with the Obligation of her rash Vow, consented to be privately married that Night. The Ceremony was performed by a Romish Priest, and consummated in a Bagnio, where she went masked: She returned to her Uncle's House about Twelve at Night, and went to Bed immediately, where she began to reflect upon the Transactions of the preceeding Day; but how great her Distraction, when she came coolly to examine her Conduct in

in an Affair of the last Importance to her future Happiness ; she had married a Man utterly a Stranger to her, she knew only his Name from the Creature that introduced him, was entirely ignorant of his Character or Fortune, and from the Reputation of his native Country, had strong Reason to suspect him a Cheat. If at any Time her sanguine Hopes happened to flatter her with his being at least a Gentleman of Honour and Reputation, this Reflection occurred, that her precipitate yielding to his Addresses at the first Motion and Interview, gave her no Title to his Esteem or good Usage ; she was sensible her Relations would despise her, and she stood so indifferently with all of them, that there was not one Creature alive she could apply to for Advice, but the Wretch who had sold her, one of no higher Station than her Hair-Cutter. She passed the Remainder of the Night in the utmost Agitation of Mind, without shutting her Eyes : Early next Morning, she sent for the Hair-Cutter, and began to catechise her with Relation to the Match into which she had inveigled her : This Creature understood her Trade, and gave a very advantageous Character of her new

Spouse ; that he was a Man of a good Family and large Fortune in *Ireland*, had large Sums of Money in the publick Funds, and lived in great Splendor: As we are easily induced to believe what we wish, *Florinda* flattered herself all was Gospel she uttered ; at least the Thoughts of finding him otherwise than this Wretch had represented him, was so troublesome to her, that she could not give Way to any Doubt her Reason suggested, contrary to the Truth of what she so solemnly averred. Her Mind was now somewhat more composed, and she consulted with her Confidant, in what Manner to correspond with her Spouse, so as to keep the Marriage a Secret for some Months, till she came of Age ; that Matter was soon adjusted, and the new-married Couple passed that Time agreeable enough : As their Meeting were but seldom, they both put on their best Looks, and were too much taken up with the first Raptures of Possession, to discover their natural Infirmities, which it was both their Interests to conceal. But this Sunshine of Happiness did not last long ; *Florinda* came of Age, and our *Irishman* took Possession of his Wife and her Fortune, when the whole Mystery was un-

unravelled ; our Man of Fortune and Family turned out to be no less than a common Sharper, lived by the lowest Arts of Gaming, and was possessed of no one Qualification in Nature to entitle him to the Esteem or Character of a Gentleman ; he had neither Good-Sense, Honesty, or Good-Nature, nor the Prudence to conceal his Want of either with any tollerable Address. *Florinda's* Relations resented the Match so highly, that all of them abandoned her, and left her to the Mercy of her new Husband. She was no sooner sensible of the Trick had been put upon her, than she resented it upon her Husband in all the opprobrious Terms her violent Temper could suggest ; he had neither Good Sense or Good-Nature to bear with her Reproaches, but returned them in Kind ; he was as passionate as she, so that in less than a Month's Time, they lost all Sense of Decency, and railed at one another incessantly. They removed from *London* to *Dublin*, where their Jars became the Subject of public Diversion : *Florinda's* capricious Temper gained her daily new Enemies, and lost her the Friendship of such as were inclinable to compassionate her Misfortune, of being

fold to a Rascal without Honour or Character

Their Jars hourly increased, at last from Words they proceeded to Blows, and in the Event a Separation ensued ; *Florinda*, of all the immense Fortune she brought the Tyrant her Spouse, could only prevail on him to allow her Fifty Pounds a Year to live upon. With this poor Allowance she came to *London*, and lived for some time with a Relation in low Circumstances, but her Temper was such, that no Misfortunes could alter, nor no Person out of the Reach of starving would submit to, and therefore she was obliged to move her Lodgings; but she could not be tolerated any where above a Month; and so was at last constrained to take a small House in the Skirts of the Town; but even there she could not be happy; she fell out with her Maid, and dismissed two or three of them in a Month, and is obliged to live more than half the Year without any, because she can get none that can bear with her Temper : Thus she leads a melancholly retired Life; a Burden to herself and all that know her, without being Mistress of so much Resolution, as to attempt to bridle this fiery Disposition. She is as sensible

sible as any of her Misfortune, and can rally her own Caprices on some Occasions with a great deal of Humour, yet act the same Scene over again the next Minute.

This is but one melancholly Instance of Passion being acquired by Habit, and nourished by too much Indulgence of Parents; many more might be given, where the best natural Tempers have been spoiled by this unreasonable Fondness; all Children love Indulgence, and hate Contradiction, and the Habits they acquire in their tender Years are always with Difficulty curbed, grow up as part of their Constitution, and act with the same Degree of Force as if they resulted from the Disposition of their Humours. As they are susceptible of bad Impressions, so their young Minds are then most capable of receiving the Seeds and first Principles of Virtue. A little Care and Industry in checking the first Appearance of Vice and Passion, and nourishing the Dawnings of Good-Nature, may give them a Turn of Mind, that may insure their future Happiness and Tranquility; whereas the least Neglect, or encouragement given to a peevish, fretful Temper, leads them into an Ocean of

Misery, and loses every Comfort of their future Life.

This Passion
grows upon
us in adult
Age.

We owe this hasty Foible, not only to the tainted Constitutions of our Parents, to a passionate Nipple, and too indulgent Education, but it sometimes grows upon us in adult Age. We may come into the World without any unreasonable Degree of Choler in our Blood, and arrive at the Age of Manhood, without being tainted with the ugly Disease, yet suffer it to steal upon our Temper; and though not natural to our Soil, may nourish it in our Disposition, till it becomes too strong for our future Efforts to get rid of.

The Character of
Silvius.

Silvius was a Gentleman of a good Family, but small Fortune, in the West of *England*; on his first Appearance in the World he had the Character deservedly of a Man of uncommon Good-Nature, Humanity and Charity, and was possessed of every amiable Qualification to recommend him to the Judicious of either Sex, without any Mixture of Vice, except a small Dash of Pride, which was only conspicuous on some Occasions. About the Age of Twenty-five he made Suit to the Daughter of a Neighbouring Justice, but

but was repulsed in such a Manner as inflamed his Pride : To get rid of the Chagrin occasioned by this Disappointment, he came up to *London*, in order to pass the Winter, where he got into Company with some Sharpers, who dipped him so far in Play as to hurt his Estate, and involve his Circumstances. This, added to his Disaster in Love, sent him down into the Country, over-run with Spleen and Uneasiness, which he unhappily indulged to such a Degree, that the formerly complaisant, good-natured, and obliging *Silvius*, is become as peevish as it is possible, frets and fumes at every Trifle, and affronts his Friends, without any Provocation : His old Servants, who lived with him from a Child, are obliged to leave him, and those who supplied their Places are changed oftner than the Moon ; nothing can be done to please him, nor is it possible for him to continue in one Temper a Quarter of an Hour together.

The Case of *Silvius* is but too common, few People are able to bear Disappointments with Equanimity of Temper, and if these return often, the Chagrin settles in the Disposition, and alters the whole Man, unless due Care be taken to dislodge the unnatural Guest, before

he has taken too deep Root, or grown too strong for the Efforts of Reason.

Acquire it
by Example.

We not only acquire this unnatural Habit by yielding to the Effects of Disappointment, Losses and casual Chagrin, but we learn it from others, and receive the Infection from those we converse often and intimately with. That the Example of Parents, Friends, or Guardians, and all such as have the immediate Direction of Youth, influences the Disposition of Children, is apparent to the meanest Understanding. The Tone of Voice, Air, Gesture, and Manner of Speaking of the Father, is commonly to be traced in the Son, and that not only from the State of the Humours, but from the Force of Example, which steals insensibly upon the Mind, and fixes Habits and Affections without our Knowledge. It is the Power and Force of Example which makes People of one Country, Kingdom, or Province, speak with the same Accent, as well as the same Language, and forms such a Likeness in the Manners and Behaviour of People, no otherwise related but as they were born in one Country; if so, how natural is it for us to suppose that a Child hearing a Father, Mother, Sister or Brother, constantly speaking in a Passion, and raised

raised to Phrenzy on every Occasion, may learn that Disposition, even if the natural Temper had no Tendency that Way. I am convinced Children are frequently so lost, and I have met with many Instances, even where Persons in advanced Years have been infected by the Example of others.

Amongst which I remember a young Gentleman, formerly a Class-fellow of mine at School, whose Disposition was the most pacific, compassionate, and patient I ever met with. He was remarkably dull when a Lad, and amongst us Boys had the Nick-name of *Patient Grizzle* from the Pains and Labour he bestowed on his Studies, and the philosophical Calmness with which he would bear a Drubbing, either from the Schoolmaster or any of the Scholars. He went to the University, and carried his Patience and Forbearance along with him, nor had he lost any of it when he left it, and made the Tour of *Europe*. On his Return he married a young Lady in my Neighbourhood, remarkable for a large Fortune, and a passionate Disposition. The first was the Motive of the Match, and the young Gentleman thought he had Philosophy enough to bear her Temper, let it be what it would; and this was not only his own Opinion,

Opinion, but that of the whole Country, who thought him the only Man on Earth able to support under the Plague of such a Termagant. For two or three Months, the new married Couple remained tolerably easy; the 'Squire heard her read a passionate Lecture for an Hour without interrupting her, could take a comfortable Nap in the midst of a Storm of Railing, and smoak his Pipe very gravely while Madam was in the highest Pitch of her passionate Fit. He even began to divert himself with her Humours, and laugh at her most violent Agitations, and endeavoured to mimic, on some Occasions, her Gestures and Tone of Voice, which made his Lady stark mad. However, as he conceived there was some Wit in that Mimicry, and that perhaps he might reclaim her, he resolved obstinately to pursue this Method of giving her a Representation of herself as often as she was in a Passion. Whatever Sentence she uttered, he repeated it after her with the same Tone and Action, which sometimes he was obliged to do so fast, that Reflection left him, and he by Degrees wrought himself into a real Passion, when he only pretended to act one. In a Word, he continued to mimic his Lady so long, that

that he acquired her Manner in a very short Time, and became really as passionate as she, by which Means they became a mutual Plague to each other, a Laughing-stock to the Neighbourhood, and the Subject of Ridicule in all Companies.

Thus I have traced this Passion to all its Sources ; we see Pride, Self-conceit, and want of Thought, with lucid Intervals of Good-Nature, enter chiefly into its Composition ; that the Seeds of it are either radical in our Constitution, and handed down to us by hereditary Taint, or imbibed from the natural Disposition of the Nurse, acquired by Habit and Education in our more tender Years, or allowed to grow upon us in adult Age, by yielding to casual and accidental Chagrin, or the Effects of bad Example.

As there are different Means of acquiring this Disposition of Mind, so there are different Degrees of passionate People ; I shall divide them only into three Classes, under one or other of which may be comprehended the whole Species of these tolerated Lunatics. The first and lowest Degree I shall distinguish by the Name of *the Peevish* ;
the

*Its Sources
recapitulated.*

Several Degrees of passionate People.

the second by *the Noisy*; and the third *the Outrageous*.

The Peevish
is the first
Degree.

The first differs from all the rest in this respect, that he confines his Passion within more Bounds: He, like them, is easily moved, and his Temper soon ruffled, but he frets inwardly, and does not give such large Vent to his Spleen; he expresses himself on these Occasions in short passionate Monosyllables, or at most in some laconic fiery Ejaculation; Damn it! God's Curse! Good God, how I am plagued! What a Block-head you are! It is impossible to bear this! are the common Expletives of the inward Boilings of his Spleen; he is constantly in a Flurry of Spirits, and the least Trifle in Nature renders him incapable of thinking or acting like another Man. These are generally Men of tender Constitutions and weak Lungs; they are not able to vociferate so much as the strong and robust; their Passion checks their Utterance, and when they are wound up to the highest Pitch of Phrensy, they are utterly silent, but ready to burst with Rage.

The Character of
Horticultural.

I chanced the other Day to call at the Shop of *Horticultural*, a Tradesman, who is of this Class of passionate People, though when out of his Fits, a Man of
as

as much Good-Nature, Complaisance, and Good Sense, as most in his Profession. I could see Disorder in his Countenance, and that he could scarce answer me with common Civility, tho' I flatter myself I am pretty much in his Esteem ; I asked him for something in his Way, which he went to look for, but in vain ; the more he sought, the further he was from finding it ; this heightened his former Chagrin, and he could not forbear uttering some of his passionate Expletives, and was for half an Hour in Search of what was just at his Hand ; But his Mind was so discomposed, that he was incapable of thinking or searching with Deliberation : As he entered upon Business, his Reason flowed in apace, and in a few Minutes his Looks and Gestures became serene, and he could talk rationally ; I then took the Liberty to ask him, what had put him so much out of Temper ? He told me, smiling, " A meer Trifle ; I
 " am ashamed to own it, but you
 " know my Weakness, and will excuse
 " it ; it was only my Apprentice, who
 " staid some Minutes longer of an
 " Errand than I judged he had Occa-
 " sion ; my Impatience made me be-
 " lieve he loitered, that put me in a
 " Passion,

" Passion, out of which I had not re-
 " covered when you came in." He ri-
 dicated his own Foible with abundance
 of Humour, and lamented his Failing,
 in Terms that shewed him sensible of
 the unhappy Consequences: He told
 me, as his Business frequently required
 Dispatch, and Composure of Temper
 at the same Time, he was frequently
 delayed by the very Means which he
 intended should forward his Work.
 " If, says he, it happens when I am in
 " that Hurry, that any Thing I call
 " for is not immediately brought me,
 " my Passion boils, and renders me
 " utterly incapable of proceeding;
 " so that sometimes I am undoing in-
 " stead of forwarding myself and those
 " about me; all runs into Confusion,
 " unless I can recover out of that Fit
 " of Passion; it makes all my Servants
 " uneasy, and stupifies their Intellects:
 " As I am not on all these Occasions
 " rational in my Commands, they are
 " apt to commit Mistakes which
 " heightens my Spleen, so that some-
 " times for an Hour together, I con-
 " tinue in this Agony and Flurry of
 " Spirits; it preys upon my Consti-
 " tution, and wastes insensibly my na-
 " tural Strength: I would give the
 " World

“ World to get rid of this Malady,
 “ but I fear I am too old, and have
 “ not Patience to undergo the Fatigues
 “ of a Cure.”

The second Class I distinguished by *the Noisy*; these are People of much stronger Lungs than the former, and are most commonly of the Feminine Gender. The Ladies have a Volubility of Tongue upon all Occasions; but the passionate Woman has a peculiar Talent at Elocution; they are as easily moved as those I have classed among the Peevish, but are in no such Danger of choaking with their Passion: Their Spirits are indeed inflamed, but they give Vent to the combustible Matter by downright Scolding, and scorn to confine themselves to the laconic Dialogue of those formerly described; they expatiate upon the Matter with all the Flowers of passionate Eloquence, and amplify on a Monosyllable for Hours together, if their Fit last so long; they differ only from *the Outrageous*, that they have some Grains of Discretion in their Anger, and confine it to the Exercise of Words, without coming to Blows.

Furiosa is of this Class; she was married young, and happily for her, to a

The Noisy is
the Second
Class,

Character of
Furiosa.

Man

Man of as large a Share of Sense as Fortune : She is a Heroine among the passionate People, and if there was a Crown to be gained by fretting, *Furiosa* would certainly be declared Queen. Every Trifle puts her in a Passion, and the least Degree of Opposition stark mad ; if her Bell is not answered at the first Pull, she is ready to pull down the House, and can scold for an Hour together on such an important Occasion ; I had the Misfortune to call on her Husband about a Week ago, and found my Lady in one of her strong Fits ; my Appearance, though pretty much a Stranger to her, could not allay her Passion ; she went on railing at her Waiting-Maid, who stood trembling at one Corner of the Room. She went through all the Phrases peculiar to *Billingsgate* or *Drury-Lane*, and acted the Oyster-Wench to the Life. Now and then she would stop to draw Breath, and begin afresh, and by diversifying her Terms, expatiated on the Subject, as if it was never to be exhausted ; the Maid trembled, the Husband blushed, and I stood amazed like a Dog in a Dancing School, without being able to guess at the Cause of this dreadful Hurricane ; I concluded, when
my

my Astonishment would give me Time to think, that the Criminal at the Bar had been guilty of Monkey Slaughter, or some such heinous Crime, to provoke all this Rage, and looked about for poor Pug, whom I found close up in the Chimney Corner ; the poor Animal I believe was terrified with the Lady's Noise, and sat snug out of the Way, least he might have some Share of what was a-going. I pulled him out, and to keep myself in Countenance, put him on exercising some of his Tricks ; he performed something by Accident, which tickled Madam's Fancy, and from the most violent Fit of Rage, threw her into an equally extravagant Fit of Laughter ; the Maid took the Hint, asked her Ladyship's Commands, she was ordered to get the Chocolate ready, and in a few Minuets a dead Calm succeeded that mighty Storm : We had then Courage to enquire the important Cause, and found it proceeded from the placing of a Pin with the Head downwards, which should have been upright. The Lady made me a handsome Apology for her Rudeness, and when the Maid returned with the Chocolate, she made her a Present of a Silk Night-Gown she had dressed

in

in the Day before, and told us if she could not find out a Way to conquer her Passion, she must have a Wardrobe as large as that of the Queen of *France*, so supply her with Peace-Offerings to her Maids.

This Woman's Fortune paid for her Folly, but how many *Furiosa's* are there, who can make no such Recompence to those who are obliged to stand the Shock of their Railings ; and how can such a Woman atone to a Man of Taste, who happens to be wedded to her, for that Agony of Mind, that Compunction he feels, when he sees a Woman he loves act a Part, not only so much beneath her Quality, but below common Sense, or even Humanity. At these Periods, your *Furiosas* are void of every rational Faculty, have no other Title to Humanity, but that they walk erect, and deserve infinitely less Pity and Compassion than their Fellow-Lunatics in Bedlam.

The Outrageous is the third and last Class.

The *Outrageous* is the last, and most dangerous Class of passionate People ; these are not only opprobrious with their Tongues, and loud in their impetinate Passion, but follow them with Blows, and observe no Prudence in their Frenzy ; they are made up of the same

same combustible Matter with the other two, are easily provoked, have as little Malice in their Heart, but are much more dangerous to Society; the others use no Weapon but their Tongues; they either allow their Choler to boil inwardly and consume themselves, or give it Vent in impertinent Railings; but the *Outrageous* flies beyond all Bounds, catches at the first Weapon in his Way, and attacks all indiscriminately within his Reach, without any Regard to the fatal Consequences.

Some Years ago I chanced to be in the Shop of a noted Colour-Man, somewhere in *Middlesex*, who is unhappily subject to this Degree of Madness; he called to his Apprentice to reach him a certain Colour, which the Youth mistook, and handed him another; Villain, Blockhead, Afs, with a long List of Epithets, and horrible Execrations, followed; the Lad, in very modest Terms, said, "Sir I really understood you
" wanted that, but if you will please
" to tell me what it is I shall bring, I
" will rectify the Mistake:" "What
" do you chatter!" replied the enraged Shopkeeper, and with these Words, took up a fourteen Pound Weight which lay upon the Counter, and let
fly

The Character of a mad Colour-Man.

fly at his Apprentice. The young Man, who it seems was well acquainted with his Tricks, had kept his Eye upon his Master, and by Slight of Heels escaped the fatal Blow, but a few Inches from his Head ; then returning, took up the Weight, and very calmly asked where he should place it: This Behaviour quelled his Rage, and gave me a very high Idea of the Lad's Presence of Mind and Patience, though but a mean Opinion of the Fury of his Master. The Shopkeeper, upon recollecting the Danger his Apprentice had escaped, and concerned for the Astonishment he saw me in, made some faint Apology for his Temper, and soothed his Servant by giving him a very high Character in his hearing : However, this could not reconcile me to the Man I saw so much a Slave to his Passion ; I reflected, that if the Weight had hit the Mark it was aimed at, his being sorry for it, and having no Malice in his Heart when he threw it, would have been but small Atonement for the Loss of the young Man's Life. I blessed Providence that no Mischief happened, and was convinced in my own Mind that nothing less than the over-ruling Hand of Heaven, could avert the many Dangers
to

to which these kind of passionate People subject themselves, and those they converse with. The Numbers of these Kind of People, made me reflect how wisely our Law has contrived the Distinction of Manslaughter and Murder, a Term known in no other Country on Earth, but in *England*; for all over *Europe*, where Murder ensues, without the Circumstance of Self-Defence, it is deemed and punished capitally; the Fact itself is always Presumption of Malice; but as in *England* our Tempers are as variable as the Wind, and as suddenly changed, the Distinction is very justly established: But, methinks, as the Legislature has provided, that this Kind of People should be indulged with the Privilege of Lunatics, so for the Safety of the Community, like them, they ought to be tied up to their good Behaviour, or at least a Mark set upon them like an ill-natured Ox, that innocent People might be upon their Guard, and avoid their Haunts, as they would those of any other wild Beast. Whatever Mischance they, or any other of the Species, commit, all the Excuse they can alledge is, I did it in a Passion; not reflecting that the very Excuse is a Crime in itself, and if a Man knows

himself subject to this Degree of Frenzy, he is as culpable for his Crimes as any other ; he ought to go unarmed, and one of his Hands tyed to his Side, that he might not be capable of injuring his Fellow Subjects in these Fits of Rage.

But it is not by Blows, and corporal Mischiefs only, the outrageous Class of passionate People injure their Fellow-Subjects ; they are sometimes in their Passion actuated by all the Force of Malice and Revenge, and frequently commit Errors in their Passion, for which their whole Lives are of too short Duration to atone. They reveal Secrets in their Rage entrusted under the most solemn Obligations of Secrecy, and betray the most sacred Interest of their Friends and Acquaintance, to satisfy a momentary Spleen and Revenge on an imaginary Affront. They keep no Bounds in their Wrath, and are deaf to the Calls of Blood, Nature, Honour, or Justice ; all they know, have heard, or fancy, must out in their mad Fits, though the Peace, the Interest, Happiness, and Well-being of themselves, their Family, and all their Relations, are to suffer by their Indiscretion. A hasty Blow, though it should break a
Leg

Leg or an Arm, nay if it should reach Life itself, may admit of some Reparation, or Mitigation; but some Times a rash Word, or unguarded Expression, may affect the Credit, Reputation, and eternal Peace of a whole Family, and entail, in one Moment, a Series of Woe and Misery upon Generations yet unborn.

I have seen many Instances of the fatal Effects of unguarded Passion, but none which dwells upon my Memory with such Weight as that I am about to relate.

A young Gentleman of *Lancashire*, in the Year 1714, married a Neighbour's Daughter, of a suitable Age, Birth and Fortune; but unhappily for them both, she chanced to be of the Class of the outrageously passionate. The Gentleman had a large Share of Good-nature, and Abundance of Sagacity, so that for the first Year of their Marriage, he kept all their Railings within the Hall of his own House, and hindered their Jars from coming to the Ears of the Neighbourhood.

When the Rebellion broke out that Year, the Gentleman happened to be connected with some of the Chiefs by Relation, and was induced to abet

privately their Proceedings, was present at some of their Consultations, received a Commission from Mr. *Foster* to levy Men for the Service, and contributed pretty largely to the Expence thereof, and was very successful in what Part of the Business was allotted him; but managed the whole with so much Circumspection, as not to be taken Notice of, or suspected by the Government for near six Months after the total Subversion of all the Schemes of the Party. At this Time a Quarrel happened between him and his Wife, about some very trivial Matter, in which Madam's Passion was carried to such a Height, that she swore she would go immediately and inform against him to the next Magistrate, who chanced to have a personal Pique to her Husband, and was a violent Prosecutor of the *Jacobite* Party. He did all that a prudent Man could do to moderate her Passion, and reduce her to Reason, but it is the Fate of those People, the more you endeavour to reason with them, the more you inflame their Choler. She went out of the House in a Rage, and goes directly to the Mayor of the Town, who lived but within a Door or two, and before she had Time to recollect the
Con-

Consequences, made a full Narration of all she knew, which unhappily for her, was more than sufficient to ruin her Husband. She declared the Part he had acted in the late Troubles, the Persons he corresponded with, and the Agents he used, and directed them where he had secreted all his Papers. The Blood-thirsty, revengeful Magistrate, immediately had him apprehended and his Papers seized, and sent him to *Carlisle*, where the Judges were soon to come, for the Tryal of the rest of the Rebel Prisoners.

The unhappy mad Woman no sooner saw her Husband seized, and loaded with Irons, but Remorse seized her, and all the dismal Consequences to herself and Family appeared in their most dreadful Shape. She raved, tore her Hair, cursed, cried, and imprecated Vengeance on her own Head, fell on her Knees to the Mayor, entreating him to release her Husband, and unswore all she had formerly made Affidavit of, but in vain: He was obdurate, and pretended it was out of his Power to help her. She hung upon her Husband at parting from *Carlisle*, blessed him, begged his Forgiveness, and uttered such dreadful Lamentations as were sufficient

to melt a Heart of Adamant ; but when she saw him go, her Reason quite left her, and she died raving mad in five or six Days after. The Gentleman stood his Tryal, and was condemned ; but on account of the tragical Circumstances attending his being apprehended, the Judges reprieved him for Transportation. He went abroad, and died for Grief in less than a Year. His Fortune, which was mostly personal, was almost all saved for his Infant Son, who now lives in London, and from whom I had this Relation.

This is a melancholly Instance of the Effects of Passion, and ought to be a Caution to all Mankind, to avoid trusting any of this Class of People with Secrets of Importance, since there is not a Moment of their Life, in which they can assure themselves they can command their Spleen or Temper so much, as to conceal any Thing which concerns either their own Life, Reputation, or Well-being, or that of any Person on Earth.

The Consequence of this Disposition.

As to the Consequences of this unhappy Disposition, in all the Stages of it, I have in some Measure illustrated them in the foregoing Description ; every Man's Experience must represent

sent this kind of People in the most abject Light. How contemptible does a Man look when deprived of Rationality, and acting the Madman upon every trifling Occasion, or without any reasonable Provocation! Passion is the Nakedness of the Soul, and exposes him that is a Slave to it, as much as if he stripped himself, to the Skin at Noon-day. How much ashamed would a fine Lady be to see herself exposed to her Servants and Domesticks without a Shift? yet every Day, every Hour, discovers the most valuable Part of her, her Mind, stripped of its only Covering, Reason. Did she walk the Streets naked, she would appear but in the first original State of Nature; but her Soul undressed, appears even beneath the Brute, in that very State it was left by the Fall, without one Ray or Glimpse of pristine Reason, which constitutes its Superiority over the Brute Creation.

Pride, like all other Vices, acts by Contradiction, and in this Case, stimulates a Passion, which begets the greatest Contempt; Pride, Obstinacy, and Conceit, raise and support this furious Tumult in the Mind; yet there is no one Action so much beneath a proud Woman, than thus yielding to the sud-

den Gusts of every Passion: It is mean in all Stations of Life to be subject to such ridiculous Behaviour, and acknowledge ourselves Slaves to such low Humours; but in a Person of Rank or Quality, it bespeaks an Abjectness of Mind beneath Description. How mean must a Lady of Quality appear, when it is in the Power of her Footmen, her Postillion, the meanest Wretch that appears in her Presence, even the Cat, the Monkey, her Lap-dog, and sometimes Things inanimate, to put her out of Temper, and ruffle her so much as to make her forget to think, and to use a Language in her Passion, which the Laundry Maid would be ashamed to use, if never so highly provoked! Whatever Person has the Power of raising my Temper or exciting any undecent Passion, is upon a Level with me, and in some Cases superior, however distant our Stations in Life are. Is it Pride, then, for a Lady to put herself upon a Footing with her Waiting-Maid, and out-scold an Oyster-Wench for the misplacing of a Pin?

The general
Conse-
quence.

Were these unhappy People only ridiculous, their Foible would be beneath serious Animadversions; but it has more dreadful Consequences through all

all the Stages of Life: In general it imbitters all our Enjoyments; we live in a continued Hurricane, our Spirits are always upon the fret, and our Blood in a constant Bubble; it destroys all civil Conversation, every one we converse with sits upon Thorns, lest they should inadvertently utter any Thing that may conjure up this turbulent Devil; our Servants dread us, our Children despise us, our Acquaintance shun us, and we are at best but tolerated by the Courtesy of Mankind.

If we are single, we are likely to remain so, unless we have Art to dissemble our Weakness; but when married, then we find the bitter Effects of an ungovernable Temper: If two of the same fiery Materials are linked together, the House is a Hell upon Earth; they snarl and jar at one another like two Cats hung by the Tail: That State, designed for social Happiness, becomes the Bane, the Curse of such a Couple; and the Moment they have discovered each other's Nakedness of Soul, they wish the indissoluble Chain were broke: One Jarr begets another; these often repeated begets Contempt; and that is certainly succeeded by mutual Hatred, which ends in a Separation.

Its Effects
in the married State
when both
are infected.

Where only
one of the
Party is sub-
ject to it.

The Case has some Chance of being better when but one of the Party is possessed with this Devil; but even there, there is no Room for Happiness, no Hopes of Peace, unless Good Sense accompanies Good Nature: Without Forbearance in the dispassionate Person, he may catch the Contagion, and all the Consequences recur which happens in the preceeding Case. However, I cannot say, but I think there should be a Law made, that passionate People should be chained to one another only; it is too great a Curse for any one who has not been guilty of Murder to be tied to one of these termagant Tempers; they ought to herd by themselves, and breed together, lest they should propagate the Distemper among the uninfected Part of the Species.

It is less ex-
cusable in
High Life.

Whether single or married, whether we live in High or Low Life, the Foible is still contemptible, dangerous and unsociable: In High Life it is less excusable, because it is supposed such have the Advantage of a liberal Education to cultivate their Understandings, and teach them the Government of their Passions; yet it is of less Danger to themselves than when a Person in mean Circumstances is infected with this Disease.

ease of the Mind: The Rich and the Great have a Kind of Toleration from their Rank and Fortune to be impertinent; and they have it in their Power to atone for their Caprice to such as are subjected to them; but the middle Station, and the other Extream of Life, have no such Advantages; their good Behaviour, Good Nature, and Complaisance is half the Fund they have to carry them through the World. Who would employ a Servant, a Tradesman, or Mechanick subject to this Infirmary? None sure that can shun it: If I am to lay out my Money, I expect to be used with Civility, and to converse with a rational Being; but when I deal with one of these testy Creatures, of whatever Class they are, whether the Peevish, the Noisy, or the Outrageous, I subject myself almost to a certain Affront, if not to worse Usage; is it not reasonable then, that I should avoid such, and carry my Custom where I may rationally expect Usage suitable to my Station, at least consistent with Good Sense and Good Manners? How many Instances must occur to the Reader, of Tradesmen, Mechanicks, and Publicans, who have fretted themselves out of a flourishing

But more
dangerous in
Low Life.

Trade, and scolded themselves into a Jail? Whereas, if they had put a reasonable Restraint upon their Tempers, they might have lived and died in Plenty and Reputation.

Preys upon
our Health.

This Foible not only affects our Interest, robs us of Friends and Subsistence, and imbitters every present Enjoyment, but it preys upon our Health, and wastes our Constitution. Look at most of your peevish People, and they are pale, wan-visaged, have haggard Looks, and sunk Eyes, and scarce live out half their Days; they exhaust so much of their natural Spirits in these Tumults of the Mind, that Nature is not able to supply the Want, so that the Passion preys upon the radical Stock, and wastes the vital Heat: The Havock it commits upon Beauty is much more terrible than the Small-Pox; what a Devastation do a few Fits of Passion commit upon the delicate Features of a blooming Beauty! The soft Lines in the Age of Beauty are quickly distorted, and the Eye, that Index of the Mind, loses its brilliant Softness, rolls wildly in its Sockets, and denotes the Hag and Fury; but this is too trivial a Consideration, on a Subject

Subject so important to the Peace and Happiness of a rational Being.

The dreadful Effect of this Soul-^{It affects our} blasting Vice, is not confined to our ^{Posterity.} own Persons, and obnoxious to our Acquaintance of the present Generation, but we convey it to our Posterity, and entail the fiery Plague on our Offspring to the latest Ages : Whether we acquire it by Habit, or have it otherwise, it contaminates the whole Mass of Blood, and then becomes constitutional to our Issue : This ought to make us consider, that we are answerable for the Unhappiness of those we give Being to ; nay, are chargeable with every rash Action they are guilty of ; with all the Murders, Broils, and Mischiefs this passionate Fury may occasion in Society, for Centuries after we are rotten in our Graves : This is the Original Sin, the radical Taint we bequeath to our Posterity ; therefore I would, with Leave of the Divines, charge the Parents with the Sins of their Children of the third and fourth Generation, rather than the Sins of the Parents upon the Children ; since it is evident, by whatever Method we acquire the Temper, we may either root it out of the Mind, or conquer its Effects ; the Proof of which is the Intent

Intent of the remaining Pages of this Essay.

If the passionate Disposition is owing to a radical Taint, or the Predominancy of Natural Humours in the Blood, I am not so sanguine as to imagine that Man, without supernatural Assistance, can alter a Disposition resulting from such Causes. The Formation of our Juices are not in our own Power, nor can the Philosophy of Reason, nor the Skill of Physick, alter or correct their constituent Parts. The Taint must still remain, and the whole Mass continue subject to Impressions from without, in which we are entirely passive; but though a Person so unhappily formed by Nature, cannot alter the Constitution of his Blood, nor hinder it from being affected by Objects from without, according to Laws depending upon its Texture, yet he can check the Effects of his Disposition, and confine the turbulent Motion within his own Breast: This is a hard Task, an *Herculean* Labour to some, at least till they have made the Experiment; but this Labour is to be performed, if undertaken with Courage, and persevered in with Patience and Resolution: Let us but take any of the Appetites which
are

If we cannot
eradicate it,
we can stifle
its Effects.

are as natural to us as this, and depend as much upon the Nature of our Constitution, and try if it is possible to bridle them. Lust, for Instance, which in some is as violent as can be imagined: A Person naturally addicted to this Vice, cannot help being excited by proper Objects; thus far he is passive, and in my Opinion in no Shape culpable; but he may chuse, if, or not, he will submit to that Emotion: If he does so unreasonably, then he is a Slave to that brutal Appetite; but if he abstains as often as he is tempted, he has then got the Master of it, tho' he has made no Alteration in the natural Humours of his Body, which roll on in their wonted Channel. In the same Manner a passionate Man, though from the Texture of his Blood he is easily moved, and every Trifle sets him a boiling, yet if he exerts his Reason and Reflection, he may chuse to give Vent to these turbulent Emotions.

That this is possible, may be proved from Analogy, as thus: We are very sure, that this Disposition is to be acquired; If it is, what reason can be alledged why the contrary Change cannot be effected? If a Man, remarkably phlegmatic, may by Habit acquire the

Action, the Expression, and Disposition of the most cholerick Person on Earth, may we not naturally conclude, that the Cholerick may become phlegmatick? But I do not carry the Argument so far, I only contend, that the most passionate Man alive, by the Help of his Reason, may hinder this Disposition from betraying outwardly anything that shall render him either troublesome or contemptible, and that by Degrees he may even acquire a Share of inward Composure: Of this Sort

The Instance
of the Philo-
sopher.

was the *Stagerite* Philosopher, as appears by the known Story of the Physiognomist, who publicly in his School told him he was cholerick, &c. His Scholars knowing that their great Master's Behaviour bespoke a quite different Disposition, treated the Fellow with Contempt, and as an Impostor; but the Philosopher checked their Impertinence, by telling them, the Judgment passed on his Temper was just, for that was his natural Disposition, the Effects of which he had conquered by Philosophy, but could not alter the Nature of Things.

But we need not go so far back as the Antients for Instances of this Self-Conquest; our Age, I believe, produces

duces us many, and might many more, if the Publick could be perswaded of the Possibility of Success.

Hortensius was unhappily Heir to ^{Of Hortensius.} his Mothers Passion, as well as his Father's Estate: While his Age could only be numbered by Days and Weeks, he discovered the inherent Taint, the Mother's peevish, fretful, violent Disposition. This Temper grew up with him, and took the deeper Root, as he was the Mother's Darling, and indulged to all the Height of Extravagance. With great Difficulty he finished his Studies, and became Master of the Accomplishments suitable to his Birth: He had too much Impatience in his Temper to dip into abstracted Science, or indeed to acquire any more than a superficial Knowledge of any thing that required Application: However, about the Age of twenty-one he came up to *London*, and gained the Character of a fine Gentleman from every body who had but a slender Acquaintance with him; but to his Intimates he appeared in his own Colours: All his Qualifications were absorbed in an impetuous fiery Temper: A young Gentleman, who courted a Sister of his, contracted an Intimacy with him, and had

had so much Good Nature and Good Sense as to put up with his capricious Humour, and helped him out of several Scrapes into which that silly Disposition had involved him; a mutual Friendship grew up insensibly between them, and *Hortensius* valued *Theodore* more than his own Brother: They continued this Amity for several Months, when an unhappy Accident put an End to the Life of the one, and the Peace of the other.

Theodore had been one Evening with some Company, with whom he had drank pretty freely, and came Home to his Lodgings, where he found his dear Friend *Hortensius* waiting for him: They immediately entered into Conversation, which turned upon the Ladies, with whom *Theodore* had been in Company that Day. That Gentleman was unhappily led to give a Description of one of them, which he did in somewhat warmer Terms than *Hortensius's* Caprice thought consistent with the Love *Theodore* professed to his Sister: he taxed him with Ingratitude, Treachery, &c. all in a Breath: *Theodore* endeavoured to persuade him out of his Error; but those kind of People are not to be convinced till their

their Passion subsides : The more *Theodore* protested his Innocence, the more *Hortensius* seemed to be convinced of his Falshood, and loaded him with opprobrious Language ; which the other being somewhat flustered, contrary to his usual Calmness, returned, till *Hortensius's* Blood was wound up to the last Degree of Phrensy, and in his Fury drew his Sword, and run his unarmed Friend through the Body. The Act was no sooner done, than *Hortensius* returned to his Senses, which he could enjoy but a few Moments, when he reflected on the horrid Deed. *Theodore* died in his Arms in about two Minutes, and with his last Breath forgave and blessed his Murderer. When he saw him breathless, Horror, Passion, and Compunction checked his Utterance, and deprived him of Reflection ; he remained fixed upon the Body, till some of *Theodore's* Servants came in, and saw the tragic Scene : When Grief would let him speak, he accused himself with all the exaggerating Circumstances that could attend the blackest Murder, and by his own Direction was carried before a Magistrate, who committed him ; the Coroner's Inquest sat on the Body, and brought in their Verdict

Verdict, *Manſlaughter*. He ſtood a formal Tryal and the Jury confirmed the Coroner's Verdict ; thus he eſcaped the Punishment by the common Excuse that all paſſionate People have, it was done in a ſudden Fit of Paſſion ; but he was not acquitted in his own Conſcience, he was ſenſible he muſt one Day appear before a Tribunal, where no ſuch Law Diſtinctions would be admitted, and that he was culpable ſo far as he had not attempted to keep this unruly Paſſion of his ſubject to the Dictates of Reaſon. Theſe Reflections on what had paſſed, determined him to employ the Remainder of his Life in obtaining this Self-Conqueſt : In order to effect it, he laid aſide his Sword, and would not ſo much as wear a Cane, and pitched upon a Gentleman, a Relation of his in low Circumſtances, to go down into the Country with him, to whom he gave the ſame Power over himſelf, as a Keeper has over a Madman. It was this Gentleman's Buſineſs, whenever he found him in a Paſſion, to check him, and if nothing elſe would do, was to force him to his Cloſet till he came to himſelf ; he had Liberty to contradict him in what he pleaſed, and ſend him to his Cell if he fired upon it.

What

What by the Help of his Friend, and his own Resolution, in less than Six Months, he could talk for an Evening together without one peevish Expression escaping him; and within the Year could hold an Argument, and admit Contradiction with as much Calmness as a Philosopher; and is now in the actual Enjoyment of his Friends, and all his Facuties, which he never was before: He has indeed a little melancholly Cast in his Countenance, on account of that fatal Accident, the Impression of which he cannot so soon wear off, but is a rational, complaisant, and inoffensive Companion, though not over and above facetious: It is now seven Years since his Conversion, and he reckons it the only Part of his Life wherein he has existed; he accounts himself now seven Years old, and confesses, that he has enjoyed himself and his Friends in that Period, more than he could have done in forty Years, had he continued a Madman: He has converted the Apartment he used to call his Cell into a Chapel, and his Guardian goes at this Time by the Name of Dr. *Monroe* over all that Country.

This is but one Instance of many which might be given of this Self-Conquest;

quest ; but this is sufficient to demonstrate the Possibility of it. That it is to be effected by Patience and Reason, is past all Dispute ; but I would not have People stay so long to be awakened out of their mad Dream by so fatal an Accident as forced *Hortensius* upon the Tryal. I chuse that Instance with this View, to insinuate that there is not an Hour any of these passionate People live, wherein they are sure, that they shall not be guilty of something for which their Life is too short for Repentance ; and from this Consideration to move them, not to delay entering upon this Task, till they are awakened by some such fatal Catastrophe.

The Method
of conquer-
ing this Dis-
position, in
Persons of
adult Age.

I have frequently conversed with *Hortensius* both before and since the Accident, and he assured me, that the Difficulty was not by half so great as it appeared before Tryal: The first Step he took was to resolve within himself to be very slow of Speech, and in his own Mind to count Ten before he uttered a Word in Answer to any Thing address'd to him : Habit in a few Weeks made this not only easy but natural to him, insomuch, that it would be difficult for him to deliver himself without that decimal Pause: He then
resolved

resolved not to be angry; and to accustom himself to Contradiction, used with his Doctor to take the wrong Side of an Argument; by this Pause before Utterance, he had Time to weigh what had been said in all its Circumstances, and to check any Petulancy of Expression he had been habituated to use. He owned, indeed, that Contradiction was what he found most difficult to bear; that by stifling his Passion on these Occasions, his Nose has gushed out with Blood, and the Buttons started from his Coat by the swelling of his Rage; he feels still some Emotions upon being hastily contradicted, yet he can stifle them, and they seem daily to grow less uneasy to him.

If then a Person who has this Evil inherent in his Constitution, can so far get the better of it as to conceal its Effects, and make it more tolerable to himself, I apprehend it is a very natural Conclusion, that such as have acquired it by Habit, may cure themselves with half the Labour. With them it wants only to be begun; their Constitution, which we suppose differently disposed by its own Nature, must co-operate with their Endeavours.

But

But whether this Foible is radical or habitual, the sooner and earlier we begin to root it out of the Mind, the less Pain, and the less Time is required to effect it ; and the Success of the Experiment may be depended on with greater

In Children. Certainty: In Children, there is no room to doubt, but their Minds may be moulded into what Form we please, if we watch the natural Appearance of their Temper, and prune or nourish their Buds, according as they are good or evil : When this Wild-fire begins to appear in a Child, moderate Chastisement upon every Discovery of Peevishness will soon tame their Violence ; accustoming them to little Disappointments in their Way, improves their Patience ; and an obstinate Contradiction to every Thing that may encourage Self-Will or Conceit, is absolutely necessary. It is surprizing, that Parents should take so little Care of the Education of their Children ; we see them anxious to raise a streight Elm in their Avenue, to prune the Luxuriance, and cure the Blemishes that may appear in the Orange-Tree or Citron ; yet they allow the Soul, the better Part of their Son and Heir, to grow up crooked, warped and blemished with monstrous Passions, which
it

it is as much in their Power to prevent, as it is to keep the Exotics in their Green-House in a due Temperature of Heat. It requires Labour, Attention, and Judgment, but the Pleasure resulting to us from a faithful Discharge of our Duty, more than overpays all our Anxieties. When we reflect, that by our Diligence we have preserved the Features of a beautiful Child from the Mischiefs of the Small-Pox, how do we exult and pride ourselves in the great Exploit? But with how much more real Pleasure may we solace ourselves, when we have cleansed the Soul from the Wrinkles of Passion, and the ugly Scars of Rage, Violence, and Folly?

In a Word, whether we perform the Cure upon ourselves, or upon our Children, the Motives to induce us to attempt it, are such as must have Weight with any thing that pretends to Rationality: If to free us from the lowest Contempt, to remove us from the eminent Dangers to which Passion subjects us, if to promote our Interest, and soften all Enjoyments, if to secure our own Peace, and that of our Posterity, are Motives that can Influence our Understanding, every Man will attempt

E

tempt to bridle this Passion, and free himself from the Slavery of so base a Foible.



A N
E S S A Y
O N

Envy, Malice, and Detraction:

BY WAY OF

A P P E N D I X.



WE have seen, in the preceding Pages, the many Misfortunes attendant on a passionate Disposition, considered in the most favourable Light, without any Mixture of Malice or habitual Ill-Nature : If it appears so deformed when joined to a natural good Disposition, how monstrous, how shocking

ing must the Picture be, when we describe it as accompanied with these horrid Vices, Envy, Malice, and Detraction? We have allowed, that, generally speaking, the passionate Man has a Mixture of Humanity and Benevolence in his Temper, when in his lucid Intervals of Reason; and we have likewise seen, that the passionate Man, by long continuing a Slave to his Passion, has, by Degrees, lost all Tincture of Good-Nature, and degenerated into a brutal, envious, and malicious Creature: Such is the Nature of Vice and vicious Habits, that they never remain long in the same Degree. If they are allowed to go on without Controul from Reason, they encrease in Magnitude, and multiply by insensible Degrees, till they have occupied the whole Soul, and totally eradicated every Principle of Virtue from the Human Mind. No Man becomes vicious all at once; there is a natural Repugnance to Evil in our Nature, which only Habit, and a long Continuance in the Practice of Vice, can totally efface. Vice appears at first under the Disguise of some present or distant Prospect of Good, and never discovers its natural Deformity, but in its dreadful Effects, when it is

too late for us to conquer the Force of Habit, and that Inclination which has sto'en upon the Mind, by considering it in a different Light; therefore we are to watch the first Appearance of Mischief, and check every Tendency in our Disposition that may lead us to a Familiarity with any immoral Affection, and especially to endeavour to check those unruly Sallies of our Temper, which naturally taint the Soul with the Principles of Vice and vicious Habits.

Envy, &c.
proceeds
from Self-
Love.

Those Vices, which are to be the Subject of these Pages, however ugly they are when grown to full Maturity, have yet not so ugly an Appearance when they make their first Approaches to the Mind: They proceed from a strong, but natural Principle, *viz.* Self-Love, a Principle which we are by no Means to endeavour to eradicate, but only to direct to proper Objects, and govern by the Rules of Reason; but Self-Love is so strong and prevalent in most Men, that it hurries them on, without Reflection, to every Thing that promises but the most distant Prospect of Good, without giving them Leave to consider if, or not, the Good, if attained, is suitable to their natural Happiness, or if the Means are consonant to

to Justice. Self-Love, then, of itself, or a Desire of Happiness, is by no Means blameable; on the contrary, it is the End of our Being, as well as the necessary Support of it; but when that Principle leads us to Envy, Malice, and Detraction, then it becomes vicious; because we make a wrong Election, and pursue Means to obtain Happiness, which cannot be effective to ourselves, and are destructive to the Peace of the general System of which we are a Part.

Envy is that Uneasiness we find in our Mind, when we see or reflect upon the Happiness of our Neighbour: I distinguish it from Malice, only in Degree, for the malicious Man finds himself uneasy under the Reflection of his Neighbour's Happiness, envies him, and wishes himself in his Place; and goes a Degree farther, takes a malicious Pleasure in his Misery, and endeavours all in his Power to deprive him of the envied Happiness, or to do him any other Mischief; but the envious Man, who has arrived at but one Degree of Malice, frets within himself when he apprehends his Neighbour possessed of any Good which he thinks himself capable of, but has not yet arrived to

A Definition
of Envy:

Of Malice.

that Pitch of Wickedness, as to be capable of doing him any material Mischief.

The Progress
of Envy:

Takes Place
most among
Equals.

This first Step of Evil proceeds from the Consideration of our own Worth, which our Self-Love always magnifies ; we fancy ourselves as much, if not more, deserving than our Neighbour ; and think that Providence has overlooked our Merit, when any Thing is the Lot of our Neighbour which is not ours : it is observable, that Envy in People who are grown up, supposes a Kind of Equality among the Parties ; for we seldom see the lower Class of People envy the Greatness of those of superior Rank, or People much elevated above them ; but their Envy has no Bounds, if they see one of their own Class remarkably happy. There, the Comparison between themselves and the fortunate Man, is easily made, and they consume with inward Discontent, that it has not been their Fate to be so raised or distinguished, since they are sure they have superior Merit : They have been constantly accustomed to think themselves upon a Level, and on most Occasions, in their own Mind, give themselves the Preference to all of their own Class ; therefore, when one of them happens to

to be elevated, they really suppose themselves degraded in Proportion: After they have smothered their secret Sorrow for his Promotion as long as they can, they endeavour to comfort themselves as much as possible, by attempting to lessen the happy Man all in their Power. This is the first Begets Slander and Detraction. Spring of Detraction, Slander, and Back-biting; for the envious Man seeing, by some Means or other, his Neighbour raised above him, since he cannot raise himself to the same Degree of Happiness, thinks he gains in some Measure the Ground he had lost, if he can lessen the happy Man's Reputation; which he does by picking up all the little Stories that can render him contemptible or ridiculous: His Birth, his Pedigree, and Education, are searched into for Materials to mortify his Pride, and every Slander hatched to the Disadvantage of his Reputation, in order to lessen him in the Esteem of Mankind.

It is surprising what Lengths some People will go on such Occasions, when Envy has once taken Possession of their Hearts: The minutest Addition to our Neighbours's Fortune or Happiness, deprives us of all Relish of

the Enjoyment of what we ourselves possess, and sets us upon racking our Invention, how to mix Bitterness with our Neighbour's Felicity. I should here naturally turn my Eyes to the Ladies, who are said to be most culpable on the Score of Slander founded upon Envy, but I chuse to give them Quarter for the present, out of Complaisance to the Sex, and shall confine myself to my own Sex, where I am afraid Envy is as much predominant as among the Fair, only better disguised.

It is less excusable in Men than Women.

I must say this for the Ladies, that a great Part of their Tea-Table Scandal, proceeds more from a gossiping Humour, or Itch of Talking, than from any settled Malice in their Disposition to their absent Friends, with whose Reputation they are sometimes too familiar. If Envy at all enter into their Composition, it is only raised by some important Trifle, a Scruple or two of Beauty, a new Mantua, a Stripe of Livery, an additional Horse, or supernumerary Coach, at most a Gallant or a Monkey; and their Slander reaches no further than in Proportion to the Importance of the Cause, and consequently is confined to Reflection on
absent

absent Beauty, some Whispers about a spoiled Shape, and modish Intrigues, and such like Trifles, which have no Effect upon the absent Party's Reputation among the polite Part of the World ; but when the Spirit of Slander and Detraction possesses the Males, the Thing becomes of serious Consequence to the Peace of Society, and whole Families may be ruined by a Whisper, and undone by an envious Shrug.

As to the Mischief which Envy and Slander may do at St. James's, I am not much at Leisure to consider it ; only, in general, I believe it more practised in that Quarter, and of less dangerous Consequence, than at the *Royal-Exchange*. Truth, Sincerity, Benevolence, and Friendship, are so unfashionable in that Climate, I believe no Man in his Wits regards what another says, and, consequently, whether he speaks well or ill of his Neighbour, it is of equal Weight with the Man of Sense ; but among the middling Rank of People, who have a Sense of Honour, I mean of Honesty, and are not ashamed of Truth and Benevolence, the envious Character must appear most odious, and the Bane of public Peace. It is the Reverse of Benevolence ; the benevolent

Is of worse
Consequence
among mid-
ling People,
than among
Courtiers.

Reverse of
Benevo-
lence.

And is down
right Dæ-
monism.

Man is pleased with the Happiness of every Individual, and his sole View is the Prosperity of the Public ; but the envious Creature repines at all Good which does not ultimately center in the Gratification of his little selfish Schemes; and is so far from promoting the Happiness of his Fellow Creatures, that he does all he can to obstruct their Pleasure, and disappoint their Views. Such a Temper has every Ingredient in it that composes a Dæmon, except the Power of doing so much Mischief. Had *Mirario* Powers and Faculties equal to the Enemy of Mankind, the Mischief he would do, would be equal ; for he never sees any Increase of his Neighbour's Fortune, though in the natural Course of Things, but he inwardly repines at his Happiness, and from that Moment commences his Enemy, and studies all in his Power to lessen his Credit, blast his Reputation, and ruin his Fortune. What can have a greater Resemblance to the Nature of the Devil than such a Disposition ! And yet a Degree of this Spirit of Dæmonism possesses every Man, more or less, as he is tainted with Malice, Envy, or Detraction: How cautious then ought we to be to guard against the first Approaches

proaches of so odious a Habit! I have already observed, that no Man becomes wicked all at once; he advances by Degrees, till he arrives at as much as his Nature is capable of, which a Man may be said to do when he has become thoroughly malicious; that Word comprehending every other Degree of Wickedness, which Human Nature is capable of.

This Vice first approaches us in the Shape of an immoderate Degree of Self-Love: Pride and Conceit of our own Worth, is the first Step to be envious. When we are possessed of this vicious Degree of Pride, we listen with Pleasure to the Scandal uttered by others, and become every Conversation less shocked with the Deformity of Slander. After being some Time pleased with being only Hearers of Defamation, we join in the Discourse, and furnish some trivial Hints to finish the dark Part of our absent Friend's Picture. This we may be led into at first, perhaps, out of Complaisance to our Company, and out of no real Ill-will, but in a little Time further we relish it for its own Sake, and contract the slandering Habit: After continuing some Time in this gossiping Disposition,

The Steps
by which
we become
malicious.

position, by often indulging ourselves to represent our Neighbour in a disagreeable Point of Light, we indeed begin to fancy the Character real ; like a Man who has told a Lie so often, that at last he begins to believe it true ; and consequently we learn to dispise our Friend, and in a little Time really to hate him : Thus we have at last become malicious, and perverted every good-natured Faculty to Spleen, Rancour, and Ill-Nature.

Were we to consider the Mischiefs which have been done in Society by this Fiend-like Disposition of Mind, and recount the numberless Evils it has brought upon Mankind, the Narration would put us out of Conceit, not only with the Vice, but with ourselves, and the whole Species, for being capable of so much Depravity. Every Man's Experience can furnish him with Examples of the Ruin and Desolation it has brought upon particular Persons and Families of his own Acquaintance; and if he think candidly, must confess, that he has frequently found himself tempted into very odd Resolves against the Peace of his Neighbour, by the first Attacks of an envious Disposition; which shows, however unwilling we are
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to confess, that all Mankind have more or less of it in their Disposition, and that it is the Interest of every Individual to be upon their Guard against its fatal Effects.

I remember to have seen an Instance of Malice, begot from Envy, in *Jamaica*, which may serve for a Specimen, how dangerous it is to give Way in the least, to this hellish Disposition. *Honorius* and *Vilarius* were two of the unhappy Gentlemen who were transported for their Adherence to the unfortunate House of *Stuarts*, in the Year 1715. They were both landed in *Virginia*, in the same Ship, were Neighbours Children, had much the same Fortune, when they had any, and were about the same Age, and had been very intimate together from their Childhood, but more so during their fatal Campaign at *Preston*. They had just Money enough betwixt them, when they landed, sufficient to purchase their Indentures, and to be at Liberty to dispose of themselves as they pleased. As it happened, they took different Schemes of Life, *Honorius* got into a Merchants Compting-House, and *Vilarius* undertook the Business of a noted Attorney, at a considerable Distance from

from his Friend's Settlement. They parted in mutual Friendship; and promised an inviolable Attachment to each others Interest. In a Year or two *Honorius* behaved in such a Manner as to gain the Esteem and Confidence of the trading Part of the Province, and by their Assistance, was enabled to set up a small Factory for himself, on which he had very good Success, while his Friend *Vilarius* could scarce make Bread of his Practice, and was obliged to *Honorius's* Pocket to relieve him out of many Difficulties, for which, at that Time, he expressed the utmost Gratitude. They lived in *Virginia* for five or six Years, and at that Time *Honorius* had occasion to go over to *Jamaica*, to settle some Affairs with his Correspondents in that Island; where he met with a Planter's Widow, of a very considerable Estate, to whom he made Court, and had his Addresses very well received. The Match being agreed on, *Honorius* returned to *Virginia*, and settled his Concerns in that Province, and disposed of all his Effects there, in order to settle in *Jamaica*. Before he went, he visited his old Friend *Vilarius*, and communicated to him the happy Turn in his Affairs, acquainted

acquainted him with his Widow's Name and Estate, and that she was of a Family remarkable for their Attachment to the *Hanoverian* Succession, and was herself a bigotted Enemy to all the least affected to the House of *Stuart*, and of consequence that he was obliged sacredly to conceal his being a Sufferer in that Cause, till such Time as the indissoluble Knot was tied; that he had told her a feasible Story of the Manner of his coming to settle in *Virginia*, in order to conceal the scandalous Circumstance of his Transportation, which, of itself, would be an unsupportable Bar to his Success, if known; but as nobody in the Island suspected any such Thing, he doubted not but after Marriage to make her easy on that Score, if by any Chance it should come to her Ears.

Vilarius pretended to be overjoyed at his good Fortune, promised to keep a constant and friendly Intercourse by Letters, for which Purpose he requested a Direction how to forward his Letters, and was desired to put them under Cover to the Brother of his intended Spouse. The two Friends parted mutually pleased with each other, *Honorius* having made *Vilarius* a Present
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of 50 Guineas. The generous Merchant was no sooner gone, than *Vilarius* pined with Envy at his good Fortune, and was highly chagrined that it was not his Fate to meet with so much good Luck. Had his Envy remained in his own Breast, it might have been in some Measure pardonable, but he nourished it there so long, that it degenerated into the most inveterate Malice, and prompted him to the most devilish Revenge: He no longer looked upon *Honorius* as his Friend, his Companion in Misery, and his generous Benefactor, but as his mortal Foe, whose Prosperity he could not see without extream Anguish, and whose Ruin was now the only Entertainment of his despairing Mind: He contrived several Schemes to ruin him, and blast his Reputation, but most of them appeared impracticable, on Account of the fair Character *Honorius* bore in the Province, at last the hellish Thought sprung into his Head, to communicate to his intended Spouse the only Secret which *Honorius* had kept from her, and the only one that could ruin him in her Esteem. It was no sooner thought of, than executed, and that under the specious Mark of Friendship. He wrote a
Letter

Letter to *Honorius*, wherein he artfully mentioned every Circumstance of his Concern in the Rebellion, his Transportation, &c. and told him that a Person was gone over to *Jamaica*, who knew every Step of that Affair, and if he did not conclude the Match with the Widow soon, the whole might be blabbed, and he for ever disappointed. This Letter he enclosed under Cover, as by Direction to the Widow's Brother, but left it, as by Accident, open. *Honorius's* Correspondent, and intended Brother-in-Law, received the Packet, about two Days before the Time appointed for the Nuptials; found the Letter open, had the Curiosity to read it, and carried it immediately to his Sister, who thereupon discarded *Honorius*, who found himself now in a worse Situation than at his Landing in *Virginia*; for all the little Money he had saved in that Province, was expended in Preparations for the Nuptials, and the Disappointment, when just on the Point of Consummation, set him in so ridiculous a Light, that he could not bear to settle in *Jamaica*, nor had he wherewithal to return to *Virginia*, so that he pined with inward Grief and Chagrin for a
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few Weeks, was at last seized with a Fever, and died.

This was the Effects of Malice, and but one Instance among Thousands; but this is sufficient to demonstrate the dreadful Consequence of indulging the smallest Degree of Envy, which certainly ends in Malice.

From the Analysis of Malice, and the gradual Steps by which it grows upon us, we may learn the Means to check it in its Origin, and stop its Progress in all its Stages.

The Method
and Motive
to enable us
to get the
better of
these Ha-
bits.

We are to observe the Progress of Self Love, and cross its inordinate Emotions; watch the first Dawnings of Pride in the Mind; and to balance its Power, and check its Growth, we are to examine our several Failings, as well as our Perfections, and upon summing up the Account fairly, we must undoubtedly find more Causes of Compunction, greater Reason for being ashamed of ourselves, than of being proud of our natural or acquired Endowments. We should not so much consider ourselves with respect to other Men, as what we ought to be, what we owe to our Nature, and how much we fall short of the obvious Design of our Being. An Examination of this Kind

Kind will always furnish us with sufficient Matter to mortify our Pride, and hinder us from believing that there is any Thing due to our Merit; and if we are once convinced of our own intrinsic Worthlessness, Envy will never take Place in our Soul. Again, if we consider how much of our own Happiness depends upon the Felicity of the System of Mankind, we shall find abundant more Reason to exult at their Prosperity than to repine. If we consider what we would wish to be done to ourselves in similar Cases, we must abhor Envy, Malice, and Detraction, and despise such as display any Degree of Propensity to these odious Habits: If we view the Mischiefs these breed in Society in general, and the Deluge of Calamities they bring upon Individuals, we must abhor them as we do the Thoughts of Annihilation: But without respect to the rest of the Society, our own inward Peace and Satisfaction call upon us to use all our Endeavours to root them out of the Soul. What a dismal gloomy Life does the malicious Man possess! While all Nature is chearful and gay, and Pleasure fills the whole Circle of Life, Misery and Discontent sits brooding in his Soul, and

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he is lost to all Relish of Being, all Sense of Peace or Enjoyment. Those very Objects which give Pleasure to the rest of his Species, are so many Racks and Torments to his envious Mind, and furnish every Moment fresh Matter to augment his Spleen and Horror : If he tastes any Moments of fleeting Pleasure, it is only in Concert with the Damned, where they find a malicious Dawn of Joy upon the Prospect of any Misery to Mankind.

The Character of the Benevolent Man.

How different from this is the Happiness of the benevolent and truly good-natured Man ! He reckons himself a Citizen of the World, and exults when any Portion of Happiness falls to the Lot of any of his Species, and much more if to that of his Neighbour : He fancies himself born, not for his own Good chiefly, but to augment the Happiness of his Species ; and can relish no Action that has not Humanity for its End, and is to be attained by the Exercise of the most extensive Benevolence : If he is possessed of Knowledge or Wisdom, he knows a small Share of these will suffice for his own Wants ; therefore he concludes, he was trusted with these Talents by the bountiful Creator, only as a Steward for the

the Good of his Fellow-Creatures : He always offers his Advice without Pride or Ostentation, and consults the Interest of his Neighbour, without Hopes of Reward. Is he richer than his Fellow Citizen? He does not arrogate to himself any Merit from the transitory Treasures of Earth, but uses them with Moderation and Oeconomy, and disperses them among the Indigent and innocently Distressed, with Judgment and Generosity. Is another richer or wiser than he? He is far from envying him, he knows these, and all Things else, are the Gifts of a beneficent Creator, who has given to all such Advantages as contribute most to the Good of the Species. He beares with the Frailties of Human Nature as he knows himself possessed of innumerable Infirmities, which though he may disguise and conceal from short-sighted Men, yet are all apparent to the Searcher of Hearts, and that from him we all stand in need of that Indulgence which we owe to others, though too often denied through Pride, Passion, and Malice : In a Word, he is happy in himself, as conscious of no Guilt, but what is the Result of Humanity ; and can feel no Joy, but what arises from
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the Reflection of having merited the Good-Will of his Fellow-Creatures; nor can any Thing disturb the calm Tranquility of his Mind, but suffering Innocence; then indeed he feels the bitterest Agonies, which are only to be alleviated by his Endeavours to relieve the Object, and if that is out of his Power, his Prayers and Wishes are not; and then his Comfort is drawn from that never-failing Fountain of Pleasure, the Reflection that all Things are governed by a Being infinitely Good, infinitely Wise, and infinitely Powerful, who will turn all Events to the Happiness of those that are truly virtuous.

F I N I S.